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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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THE PROFESSOR'S EYES.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

"There is one thing," said the colonel, as were walking along the Strand one evening, "in which London is behind the age, and that is in the matter of electric lighting. Take my own town of New Berlinopolisville. It hasn't more than 50,000 inhabitants, but there isn't a gas lamp in the whole place, except in a few houses. The streets and most of the houses are lighted with electricity, and I shouldn't be surprised to find when I get home again that our people were doing all their cooking and housewarming by electric heat. Why you Britishers still stick to gas as you do is something that I cannot account for.

"Did I ever tell you about old Prof. Van Wagener and his electric inventions? Well, this looks like a respectable barroom, and if you say so, we'll stop in and have a little something and I'll tell you about the professor. He was one of our most remarkable men, and though the general public doesn't know it, he did more for the cause of electricity than almost any man in America, except Edison.

"About two years ago," began the colonel as he sipped his hot Scotch and tried in vain to tilt back on his imaginary hind legs the sofa on which he was sitting, "Prof. Van Wagener went crazy, as most folk thought, on the subject of electricity. Incandescent lamps were his particular style of lunacy, and he made up his mind that he wouldn't have any other sort of light in his house. You see, his sight was beginning to get a little dim, which made him dissatisfied with gas, and then he had knocked over his kerosene lamp—paraffin, I believe, you call it over here, though I don't see what right you have to invent new names for things we Americans have named—half a dozen times, and he had come so near to setting the house on fire that he was anxious to get rid of kerosene altogether. Then, again, he believed that electricity would be a good deal cheaper than gas, provided it was properly managed. And I'm inclined to think that he was right. Anyway, he told Mrs. Van Wagener that he was going to furnish the house with incandescent lights, and that she might sell her kerosene lamps and gas fixtures for what they would bring.

"Now this old professor was not only an ingenious man, but he was a practical man, which is something that a professor very seldom is. He saw that it was all a mistake to have lights fixed in one place, as gas burners are, or to have them carried about by hand like ordinary lamps are. What we want," said he, "is something attached to the person," which, I suppose, means lamps fastened on the top of our heads, though I admit that I don't know any German to speak of. So the professor, as soon as he had taken the gas fixtures out of the front hall, fitted an incandescent light on the top of the head of the house-maid and supplied it from a storage battery that was concealed under the girl's back hair. When there was no need for a light in the front hall it was left in darkness, but whenever anybody rang at the front door the maid just turned up her light and answered the bell. She was a rather pretty girl, and she made a fine effect with the lamp glowing on top of her head and lighting up her face in a way that would have made an ugly face pretty hard to bear. When she showed visitors into the parlor she would walk in front of them, lighting the way, and everybody declared that she was a long way superior to the best light that had ever been previously known.

"Then the professor fitted a light in the inside of his silk hat and cut an opening in the hat to let the light shine through. In front of the hat was a window of plain glass; on the right side was one of green glass, and on the left side one of red glass. You see the professor's idea was that his lights would show which way he was heading when he went out on the street after dark. 'Any man who knows the rule of the road,' said he, 'will know by the

color of my lights which way I am heading, and can keep out of my way.' This was very convenient for the old gentleman, for, as I have said, his sight was rather dim, letting alone the fact that he had one glass eye, and this being the case he often ran into people and horses, and things, when he was out after dark. He made a good deal of a sensation the first time he appeared on Broadway with his headlight and his sidelights burning their brightest, and, as was natural, he had a pretty big crowd following him. The policeman was always a little doubtful about the thing at the start, for a policeman always thinks that everything that is new must be unlawful. However, the professor was so generally respected that even the policemen hesitated to club their ideas into his head.

Prof. Van Wagener had a daughter who was middling popular with the young men, although she did not know an awful lot of mathematics and chemistry. Of course, her father fitted her, as he did everybody else in the house, with an electric headlight, but the girl wasn't very well pleased with it. When a young man came to see her she would turn herself on and light him into the back parlor, where they would sit together and talk. But somehow the young men never seemed to make much progress after Miss Sally was lighted by electricity. Whether it was that no fellow likes to have an electric light resting on his shoulder, or whether it was because there was no way of turning the light down till it would burn in a cozy, subdued way, like gas when it is turned down by an intelligent girl, I can't say, but the result of the thing was that Sallie didn't get a single offer from the day her father lit her up with the incandescent light. At first she begged him to let her have a kerosene light, and when he wouldn't do it, she cried a good deal and said that he wanted her to die an old maid. That's what would probably have happened if it hadn't been for the intelligence of a young man who came to see her before the winter was quite over and brought a candle with him every time. Sallie would light the candle and then turn herself off for the rest of the evening, and she gathered that young man in the very second time he called at the house.

Prof. Van Wagener had a cat that he considered to be an animal of considerable taste for science, and nothing would satisfy him till he had provided the cat with the electric headlight. He had considerable difficulty in fastening the light on the cat's head, for, although she always seemed to take a good deal of interest in watching him experimenting with different sorts of things in his chemical laboratory, she drew the line at electricity; and objected to being lighted up like the rest of the people in the house. However, the professor would not listen to her, and the first night the lamp was in working order he put the cat in the kitchen and told her to lay for mice. They do say that the next morning when the housemaid came down stairs she found about 5,000 mice lying on the kitchen floor, too frightened to run away. The cat was sitting up in the middle of the room with her headlight blazing away, and she paying not the least attention to the mice, but just licking her chops and saying to herself, that, after all, there was considerable good in electricity. She never made the least attempt to catch the mice, considering that it wouldn't be sportsmanlike to take advantage of their condition. The girl just gave one scream, and then she got out of that kitchen and fainted dead away on the hall floor, breaking her headlight in her fall and creating a good deal of excitement in the house. The professor came down and swept up the mice and carried them out in a basket. They do say that there was pretty near a bushel of them, but I don't doubt that the thing was exaggerated. Anyhow, the house was completely cleared of mice, and whether the professor drowned his basketful or just let them loose anywhere in the street, I never knew. I expect he let them loose, for that is what a scientific man would have been middling sure to do.

There was one person in the pro-

fessor's family who didn't like the electric business. That was Mrs. Van Wagener. She was a woman of a good deal of character, people said, and of course we all know that when a woman is said to have a great deal of character what it meant is that she can make herself mightily disagreeable and generally does it. Mrs. Van Wagener always disliked her husband's scientific habits. She used to say that some men were kept up late at night by whiskey and some by science, but of the two she preferred the man who went in for the whiskey. Mrs. Waterman, who lived next door to Mrs. Van Wagener, had a husband who drank considerable whiskey, and Mrs. Van Wagener used to say to her: 'My dear, don't you grieve! When Waterman gets drunk you know where he is, but when my husband gets to work in his laboratory I never know from one minute to another whether he is alive, and all in one piece, or whether he has blown himself up and is scattered all over the country in more'n a million bits.' You see, the professor had blown himself up a number of times, which made his wife a little prejudiced against chemistry, though he had never done himself any great harm, except when he lost his eye.

Well, as I was saying, Mrs. Van Wagener was mightily opposed to the electric light, and nothing could induce her to wear one on her head. She compromised by wearing a light fastened to her waist-belt, but she complained that it was of very little use when she wanted to read or sew. 'Gimme an old-fashioned kerosene lamp every time,' she used to say. Some day this yer electricity will blow up and kill the whole of us.' By the way did you ever notice that women always believe that electricity is liable to explode? I remember that when we had electric bells put into our house in New Berlinopolisville, my aunt, who kept house for me, used to warn the servants never to bring a lighted candle anywhere near the wires for fear of setting the electricity on fire and blowing up the house. Say what you will for women, you can't honestly say that they have scientific minds.

"There was one thing that troubled the professor. He had his electric lights rigged up in the top of his hat, as I believe I told you. This was all right when he took walks abroad, but it wasn't quite so convenient in the house. Every time the professor wanted a light he had either to call the maid, or his daughter, or his wife, or else he had to put on his hat. Now he had the fashion of reading in bed with his hat on, which was what he had to do if he wanted a light to read by. One day a happy thought struck him, and he told his wife that he had solved the problem of his headlight at last.

"A glass eye isn't of very much use except for show, and this was a reflection that had always annoyed the professor ever since he began to wear a glass eye. He now saw his way to make the eye useful and to give himself the most convenient light that a man ever had. His ideas was to make a glass eye with an incandescent fiber in the middle of it by a storage battery in his waistcoat pocket. So he went to work and, being a very ingenious workman, as well as a man brimful of science, he turned out a glass eye that couldn't be distinguished from a natural one, so far as appearances went, and that had an electric light of six-candle power in the middle of it.

"It was the biggest success that the professor ever had. Wherever he went after dark that eye was blazing away and lighting up the path. When he wanted to read there was his light in just the handiest place it could possibly have been. 'The fine wires that ran from it down to his waistcoat pocket were concealed under his hair, so that hardly anybody would notice them, and when he wanted to put his light out or turn it on, all he had to do was to put his finger and thumb into his pocket. Then again the thing operated like a dark lantern, for whenever the professor wanted to turn his light off in a hurry and without fumbling for the button in his pocket, all he had to do was to shut his eye. The light would keep

on burning behind the eyelid, but it wouldn't be bright enough to attract attention.

The day the professor got his new eyelight into working order his wife wasn't at home, having gone out to spend the day and evening, and keeping in his room, he wasn't seen by anybody. When night came on he went to bed early, so as to enjoy the luxury of reading in bed. He took the storage battery out of his pocket and put it under the pillow, and when he stretched himself out in bed, with his book in his hand and his eye went blazing away with six-candle power, he was about the happiest man in all New Berlinopolisville. He heard and read, until he began to be sleepy, and then he put down his book and thought over a lot of scientific things till he accidentally fell asleep. I told you he could close the lid over the illuminated eye if he wanted to, but as a rule he did not close that lid, but slept with it open. Mrs. Van Wagener came home in the course of time and naturally went up to her bed-room. She was a strong-minded woman, who was about as likely to steal sheep as to faint away, but she admitted afterward that when she entered the room and saw the professor's eye blazing at its level best she came nearer dropping on the floor than she had ever done before. However, she pulled herself together and woke the professor up. She never said just how she did it, but it's my idea that he was waked more sudden than a man was ever waked before. She told him that he had gone too far; that his illuminated eye was simply blasphemous, and she wouldn't stay in the same house, much less in the same room with it. It's bad enough for a man to sleep with a glass eye wide open, says she, 'but when it comes to an illuminated eye it is more than any Christian woman is called to bear.'

The professor was ordered to turn his eye out at once, which he naturally did, being a small as well as a peaceful man, and he was told that he must never wear an illuminated eye again. This didn't suit him, for he was proud of his new eye, and, then, there was no denying that it was a very convenient thing. So he said that he really couldn't afford to give up one of the most important inventions of the age just because of a woman's whim, and he stuck to this view of the case all through the night. The next morning Mrs. Van Wagener went home to her mother, and brought a suit for a divorce against the professor on the ground of cruel and inhuman treatment. When the case on to be tried the professor was compelled to show the practical use of his illuminated eye to the jury, and they found a verdict for the plaintiff without leaving their seats.

The professor didn't seem to care very much about this, for the only thing he did care much about was science, and now that he had his house to himself in his experiments. But he never could go into the street with his eye lit up without causing a crowd to collect and follow him, and presently there was an injunction got out against him, forbidding him to wear his eye in public, on the ground that it constituted a nuisance and led to breaches of the peace. The poor old gentleman got angry at this, and said he wouldn't go into the street either by day or night, and the consequence was that not having any exercise, he took sick and died. Well, he was a mighty bright light of science, and it's my opinion that some one else will take up his scheme of illuminated servant girls, and the like, and make a fortune out of it, though I'm willing to admit that I don't believe that illuminated glass eyes will ever become popular.—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

His Disqualifying Possession.

Attorney (for defense)—You say you have not formed or expressed any opinion in this case. Now, sir, what do you understand by the word opinion?

Venireman—Why, I have an idea.

Attorney—That will do. Your honor, I challenge this man for cause.—Chicago Tribune.

The Painting.

In Florence, so long ago that centuries intervene, a woman was performing her eventide duties in a humble, unpretending house on the Via San Carlo, where later a famous and exquisite palace raised its noble proportions. She was a woman of the people, and as she sang a Venetian lullaby that sounded as sad and sweet as the silver tinkling of a lute. She was alone, and when a sudden knock came to her door she started and ceased singing, not knowing that she had told her story of sorrow in her tender ballad.

But, with the confidence of good citizenship, she opened the door and saw by the swinging lamp's red light a youth with a remarkable countenance, so sweet and sincere was its expression, and of a slight, graceful figure, clad in a Roman tunic, open at his white throat, around which tendrils of long, wavy hair clung with picturesque effect.

"Can I sleep under this roof to-night?" he inquired in the musical Tuscan syllables of his native tongue.

"Nay, sir; we keep not an inn for travelers and strangers," the woman said.

"I have ducats to pay for my lodging, but I have lost my way and am weary. Besides all the inns are full for the carnival."

The woman hesitated a moment before answering. Then she said: "For the sake of my little Raphael, who is now but an angel in heaven, you may sleep in our spare chamber. My husband will be home when the music ceases in the streets. You are hungry and must eat, but I will take no pay—nothing but your good word."

"My name is Raphael, too, and I thank you!" said the youth, and he entered the house, where the walls were bare, save for a crucifix and where a child's cradle, with angels carved in rude scrolls upon it, was the most luxurious piece of furniture.

When Giovanni returned to his home, his wife, Lucia, explained to him the presence of the stranger, and told him how she had refused money for supper and a night's lodging.

"You did well, mia," he said, "for that the saints may comfort our little Raphael, who must miss us sorely. What sayest? The same name? Who knows that he was not sent by the Blessed Virgin for this very purpose? I will take a look at him and hear what he has to say."

The youth had that insignia of bearing which his host recognized as knowledge, but in what line he could not tell, even when he had asked the question, "What dost thou to earn thy bread?"

"I am an artisan," the youth replied, and there the question rested. He was not noble—they were, these plain people, familiar with the air of nobility. If their guest would not talk of himself, their hospitality forbade them the discourtesy of compelling him, and he was interested in their little angel, his namesake—a passport to their regard.

He told them that he would up and away in the morning before it was light, and he took the box that he carried with him to his room that he might not disturb them on going, but he did not seek rest on the rough but clean pallet provided for him. All night they heard him moving a little, and a curious noise attended his movements, so that a great fear oppressed them lest he might burn down their dwelling or do some damage of a strange, mysterious nature. And before morning they had made up their ignorant minds that this youth with the sweet face was none other than the evil one in disguise. They prayed loudly to the Virgin for aid, and when it grew light and they heard the street door close they waited until certain that he had gone, then stole hand in hand to his room. And then they saw what seemed to them a part of that heaven where their affections were.

There was a great picture on the wall that had been bleak and bare when they saw it. The Virgin was depicted there in all her serene majesty of motherhood, with her infant Son leaning against her

knees. There, too, was the little comrade of Jesus, the infant St. John bringing his loving gift of a bird. But the little St. John had the exact expression, the eyes and smile of their dear boy Raphael.

The husband and wife dropped on their knees and thanked their gracious Lady for this signal instance of her favor, for now they never for a moment doubted that they had entertained an angel unawares. And the splendor of the paints, yet undried, on the wall, the colors that were blended with such exquisite harmony that they resembled fabrics of silk or velvet, filled them with ecstatic admiration of this divine work of art. Even the honey yellow hair of the little dead boy was reproduced in his picture.

The next day all Florence heard about the miracle of the picture. Although they demanded no fee to show their treasure to the public, Giovanni and his wife Lucia grew rich by the money given them, a large share of which they devoted to the church in gratitude.

It was not long before these good people learned the truth respecting the painting on the wall—that it was the work of a youth of Urbino come to Florence to study, one Raphael Santi, whose genius was undoubtedly a gift from heaven, and who, even then, was assisted by patrician Florentines and was under the patronage of Taddeo Taddai.

They saw him again when he came with the humility of genius to ask their permission to reproduce the picture for a Florentine connoisseur who had been kind to him, and that picture, "The Madonna del Cardellino," was given to Lorenzo Nasi, the patron who had been kind to him, and who valued it the more that it had first been used in a high and holy mission of compassion. It was almost destroyed by the great earthquake, but afterward was rescued from obscurity and restored to its original beauty by the arts of renaissance. And the name of the artist who painted it is written as master in letters of light.—Detroit Free Press.

The Car of Juggernaut.

In one of his lectures, Mr. Gangooly, the converted Brahmin, corrects some of the popular impressions in regard to the car of Juggernaut. He says:

"This car took its origin from the fact that Krishna, the god, when a child, lived in the village of Konka. The king, in a neighboring province, had a great festival, and invited Krishna to be present, and sent a car to carry him to the festival. To commemorate the fact, the Hindus carry the image of Krishna on it, to (as they say) give him a good ride.

"As to the self-sacrifice of the Hindus, it is not true. The Hindus believe that if a sinner should give two or three pulls to the rope connected with the car, he will be taken to Heaven by a similar car."

This false idea may induce many of the mental Hindus to go forward and pull these cars, and often by their carelessness, they fall under the wheels, and are immolated. I once saw four perish in this way, so that their faces were entirely obliterated. When caution is taken no one is killed. When a heavy car gets in motion, it cannot be stopped, being drawn by hosts of horses. The ropes with which the people pull the car are five hundred yards long.

"When young, I wanted to help draw the car. I rode on it, but was afraid to draw it. I thought that Heaven would thus be secured; such was my earnestness and love for these idols. It makes me smile when I think of those things. Once it rained, and blew very hard and the people left the car, except myself. I remained and held the idols from being blown about by the wind, or being beaten by the rain and wind. The very consciousness of doing something good made me feel cheerful and contented."

"The car is drawn on the first day of the month, and on the eighth day it is drawn back. The latter is a matter of policy; it has

no sanction in the Hindoo scriptures.

"The rich man who dedicates the car entertains freely all the lower castes by thousands every day. This is the leading feature of Brahminism, the carrying of alms to the poor. All other ceremonies do not amount to much if this is not done."

"A rich man promised the river Ganges one thousand mangoes. As the servants were bearing the baskets to the river with this fruit, (which is the richest fruit in India) a poor man, tired and hungry, came and asked for one of the mangoes. The servants bid him go about his business. He hazarded his life, and took one and ate it. At night, it is said that the river Ganges came to the rich man in human form, claiming the payment of nine hundred and ninety-nine mangoes, saying that he had received but one. In this Brahminism inculcates a beautiful form of charity. I am sorry to say that it also teaches that if you help a Brahminism, and do not help the other castes, you do right."

Wonders That Never Cease.

Wonder why it is that the lame man and the man with the rheumatism take such especial pains to be the first to possess themselves of the car platform when the train reaches the city, and having attained it are so careful not to leave it until all the other passengers have lost their patience and some of their temper in their attempts to get past the obstructing bodies of the lame man and the man with the rheumatism aforesaid.

Wonder why it is that the man who knows nothing should be so eager upon all possible occasions to parade the knowledge which he does not possess.

Wonder why it is that when the electric car conductor says, "Move up, please," we regard the request as addressed to others exclusively, and in our mind make comparisons not at all complimentary to the swine to whom we liken those obstinate passengers.

Wonder why it is that when children quarrel it is inevitably those horrid young ones who belong to our neighbor that are the cause of all the trouble.

Wonder why it is that people will persist in talking about something in which they are interested, when we are set upon talking about something which interests us.

Wonder why it is that our country cousins will persist in calling upon us in the winter time, when they have such abundant opportunity to see us at their own homes every summer.

Wonder why it is that things are always just as we don't want them to be, and so often just what somebody else seems to desire.—Boston Transcript.

Waterproofing Brick and Sandstone.

A number of experiments were recently made to ascertain the length of time that brick and sandstone are rendered waterproof or protected by oil. The three oils used are linseed oil, boiled linseed, and crude mineral oil. The amount of oil and water taken up by the sandstone was very much less than that absorbed by the brick, although the area of the sandstone cube was much greater. Equal amounts of the raw and boiled oil were observed. The mineral oil, however, was taken up in much greater quantities by both brick and sandstone. By the end of twelve months the mineral oil evaporated from the bricks, but such was not the case when the other oils were used. After an exposure of four years the bricks practically retained all their oil, inasmuch as they will not lose any of their weight, and were also nearly impervious to moisture. It was noticeable that the sandstone cubes treated with linseed oil returned to their original weights, but do not appear to have lost the beneficial effect of the oils, being also practically waterproof.—Mining and Scientific Press.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 27, 1896.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

DURING the past ten or fifteen years, the editor of the JOURNAL has advocated the formation of a "silent fraternity" in New York, that shall include all classes of individuals who are deaf, whether they belong to the so-called "upper ten" or the more humble walks of life.

Periodically various deaf gentlemen have suggested the same scheme, with the idea that it was new and original with them. The fact is they represent a new generation that has found the same stumbling block to a pleasant social existence that the old-timers have complained of and vainly endeavored to alleviate.

Plans for organization have been numerous, and these plans have in part been original and ingenious; but the indifference of the majority prevented them from obtaining the consideration they deserved.

The existing clubs, associations and societies, have been chary of endorsing any movement that might possibly imperil their existence and at the same time offer no guarantee of a substitute that would be an improvement on the present condition of things.

These organizations have labored for years to occupy the positions of partial success which they have attained, and all of them, having treasuries containing the almighty dollars which men and associations are striving for, properly feel that a complete surrender to any scheme of consolidation would entail a sacrifice that it is not desirable to make.

However, we believe all these things could be equalized if the deaf of the city are willing to make an effort to organize a club that shall be open to all, and that will include advantages that can not be obtained by the policy of segregation.

As a test of the popular desire, we have decided to publish the names of all the deaf who are inclined to support the project of a "silent fraternity," under the following head:—

"A SILENT FRATERNITY."

"I am willing and desirous of promoting an organization of the deaf of New York and vicinity, that shall have for its object the intellectual, social, and moral welfare of its members, and I agree to be present at a meeting called for the purpose of discussing and forwarding plans that may lead to its realization."
(SIGNED.)

The above will be kept standing in the JOURNAL, and names sent from week to week will be recorded beneath it. All who are in favor of union should send in their names at once.

So Principal Patterson of the Ohio Institution is relegated to the position of "Superintendent's Clerk;" and Mrs. Sites, whom ex-Superintendent Eagleson endeavored to oust from the position of matron because of insubordination, is to be head of the new "aural department," after she has had a month's study in that line of educational work at the Omaha Institution. Mrs. Sites is evidently a

woman of worth and talent, and Mr. Patterson—well, if he has been deposed, it is certainly not because he lacks ability. Wonder what the true inwardness of this new shuffle is anyhow. Perhaps the *Exponent* editor can enlighten an anxious public.

THE Proceedings of the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf, is a bulky volume of five hundred octavo pages. The convention was held at the Michigan Institution, at Flint, in July, 1895. The printing of the proceedings was done in the Institution printing office, and is a creditable specimen in both typography and press-work.

ITEMIZER.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Peter Mitchel will celebrate his birthday, February 26th.

Mrs. C. Hopper asks for artist Sullivan's address. C. H. W., Haverstraw.

The New York Police ought to employ a deaf-mute to help them clear up Egla's murder case.

William F. Slocum has been in Boston, visiting his sister, since February 12th. He returns to Meriden, Ct., next week.

The pupils of the New Jersey School had a masquerade party on Washington's birthday, February 22d. It was held in the Gymnasium, which is in the new Industrial building.

Rumors now and then of Walter L. Bing-ham's whereabouts are whispered around, but so far no one, not even the detectives who have been after the reward offered, has succeeded in locating the murderer of Miss Turlington.

Rev. Thomas Gallaudet will lecture in the Guild rooms of the Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes, at 5 P.M., on Thursday, March 5th, at St. Mark's Church, Adelphi Street, between Dekalb and Willoughby Avenues. Admission, 15 cents.

Mr. E. W. H. Gibbs has been in the New York Ophthalmic Hospital for eight weeks, and has had a cataract removed from his right eye, which had been blind for thirty-five years. His eyesight will be greatly improved as soon as glasses are adjusted.

About sixty persons were present at the religious services held by Lay-reader Frishee in Boston, on Sunday last. Among them were Messrs. Fairman, Slocum, Bigelow, Ladd, Mr. and Mrs. Derby, Mr. Connors of Mansfield, Mass., Mrs. Wright of Lowell, Mass., Mrs. Page, of Portland, Maine.

Mrs. James H. Cutler, whose maiden name was Cordelia E. Kuhn, died of consumption, aged 29 years, at Schoharie, N. Y., on February 17th, and was buried on the 19th. She was a graduate of Fanwood, and was married on December, 1887. She leaves a husband and one child. The bereaved husband is visiting Mr. McLaughlin and Mr. Bradshaw, in Quaker Street, N. Y.

A Free Entertainment.

At the Guild Rooms of the Church of the Beloved Disciple, 89th Street and Madison Avenue, the "Monroe Doctrine" will be expounded by Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Barnes and others, March 3d, at 8 P.M. Admission free.

Albany, N. Y.

Mr. H. Burt, of Troy, N. Y., expects to deliver an address to the Albany Deaf-Mute Bible Society, on Sunday, March 8th, at 3 P.M., in the Parish House. Entrance on Jay Street. All the deaf-mutes living in Albany and within hailing distance should attend.

An Appeal to the Charitable.

The Ida Montgomery Circle takes this means, through the courtesy of the JOURNAL, to ask the kindness of some one for two pairs of boys' shoes, respectively Nos. 1 and 2½ in size. They are wanted for two boys who are almost confined to the house for want of them.

The following are some other articles needed, and which we have been unable to procure.

A large shawl to cover both mother and babe when they go out; stockings for boys and girls; a bonnet, cloak and dress for a medium-sized woman about forty-five years of age, who is anxious to attend Church for Communion, but has been unable to do so for want of suitable apparel.

The Ida Montgomery Circle has received a number of contributions, all of which has been put to use at once.

Please address all communications to the secretary,
MRS. FRANK TURNER,
42 Brooklyn Avenue,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

"The Ethics of Friendship."

A "SHAKESPEARE CLUB" ORGANIZED.

A Senior Outwitted by a Wily Duck

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

The subject of Dr. Gallaudet's lecture Friday evening was, "The Ethics of Friendship," and it proved to be most beautiful in thought and delivery. On the platform crayon-board was written the following:—

"He will have learned the lesson of life who is skillful in the ethics of friendship."
—Emerson.

"Toute gloire qui ne se convertit pas en amitié, c'est du grain qui ne germe pas, c'est la lumière qui ne chauffe pas."
—Lamartine.

The last sentence was quite clear to the Junior and Senior French class, but for the benefit of the others was translated.

The lecturer began by alluding to the prominence given in literature to Friendship, quoting from various sources, as how the Hindoo Mahabharata makes the betrayal of one's friend the chiefest of sins. Euripides says:

"A friend
Than twice five thousand kinsmen, one
in blood."

One of Cicero's cautions is:—

"I can only urge you to prefer friendship to all human possessions."

An old German saying is:—

"We can live without a brother, but not without a friend."

Another proverb in English is:—

"A father is a treasure, a brother is a comfort, but a friend is both."

The lecturer discussed in particular five points, the first of which was, "What is friendship?" Among other things, friendship is not a mere comradeship, no matter for what purpose, pursuit of common pleasure, scientific research, or crime, for "pals" in the last are not friends.

It is not precisely love, yet the two are akin, and love differs in that it is more selfish, seeking and asking more, while Trumbull defines Friendship as "Love with the selfish element eliminated," some one else writing: "Friendship is love for another because of what that other is in himself."

II. How may friendship be formed? Necessarily there must be a certain similarity of tastes, and both head and heart must be consulted. But above all, to have friends, one must make oneself worthy, by cultivating traits which are lovable, by offering friendship to others not demanding, for "friendship consists in loving, rather than being loved," says Aristotle. Lastly, one is to be still a friend when cause is given to cease, for according to an old Persian legend, a friend is still a friend though stoned by the one he loves as a foe.

III. How can we make a friendship once formed endure, is friendship eternal nature?

Says Campbell:—

"Bind the sea to slumber still;
Bind its odor to the lily;
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver;
Then bid love (friendship) to last forever."

Since we shrink from the thought of decay in friendship as in other things, then must we keep that possible decay in mind and guard against it by keeping ourselves lovable and by observing these conditions:—

1. There must be equality between two friends.
2. No jealousy, but trust.
3. If faults are mentioned, let it be with care.
4. On judging a friend, use charity.
5. Never speak harshly or bluntly to a friend. (Here followed the narration of the speaker's personal experience of a thirty years' friendship in which he remembers no harsh, unkind, remark made to him.)
6. If discussions come, avoid intolerance, seek only truth, not to convince.
7. Be always courteous to your best known friend as to a newly-made acquaintance.
8. Confidence and constance.

IV. Friendship in Marriage.

If this existed one might expect the Millenium. For too often marriage is sought for mere advantage, for happiness; whereas husband and wife should seek the other's friendship, and strive to be worthy of that other's friendship.

V. The Influence of Friendship on Human Progress.

The many ways in which this is shown may be shown in part to be:—

1. Promoting Heroism, as in the

old-time tales of the beautiful friendship of Hercules for Iolaus, the latter returning to earth to serve the children of his dead friend. Or of Achilles and Patroclus; Aeneas and "fidus Achates." Even among savages such friendship exists; an instance was shown in the war at Big Horn '76, when one Arapahoe scout rescued another whose horse had become unmanageable and carried him in the midst of the enemy. "Three Bears," the scout, was being fired upon, and his friend, "Feather-on-the-Head," galloped after him, snatching him from his dead pony and carrying him back in safety.

2. Friendship has affected human progress by impelling religious movements, as in the wonderful sustaining friendship of Melancthon for Luther; and the beginning of all our great Foreign Mission Work was the result of a college friendship between the three young men, Mills, Hall and Richards, who made their historic league.

3. The advancing of Civil Liberty, history containing many examples, one famous in being that friendship between Washington and Hamilton so fruitful in good results.

4. Friendship Inspires Philosophic Thought, by which great changes have been wrought; for instance, Socrates and Crito, Aristotle and Philip of Macedon, Bacon and the Earl of Essex, Leibnitz and Kant.

5. An Inspiration to Poetry. The quotations at the beginning of the lecture instance this influence on literature. In the *Iliad*, in the *Nibelungenlied*, in Dante's immortal work, we find friendship one of the chief inspirations.

Great poets had their inspiration from friendship: recall Petrarch and Laura; Chaucer and his two friends, the Duchess of Lancaster and her husband, John of Gaunt; Spenser and his wife; Shakespeare evidencing in sonnets and plays the influence of friends whom we are uncertain of; Milton, though 'tis said of him, "His soul was like a star and dwelt apart," yet wrote one of his noblest productions in a little-known Latin elegy to the death of a bosom friend; Burns has given the noble song to friendship,—"Auld Lang Syne."

More modern instances are the friendship of Wordsworth for Coleridge; of the two married friends, the Brownings; of Goethe and Schiller.

Lastly, of the ideal relation of Tennyson for Arthur Hallam, which was the inspiration of his beautiful "In Memoriam."

So, how large a "lesson of life" will he have learned who is "skillful in the ethics of friendship?"

The largest possible: including life that is, and which is to come. For the devotee of ideal friendship cannot but include his Maker among his friends, and is not he the heir-of all the ages who is a *friend of God*?

For about an hour before the lecture, the young ladies, with Prof. Hotchkiss to help, completed arrangements for the organization of a "Shakespeare Club," which has been a subject of discussion for some time. The chief promoter of the scheme is Miss Morris, who has received much cordial encouragement among the "co-eds." The "Shakespeare Club," among other things, is designed to increase our vocabulary by the study of English, which will necessarily come in; secondly, opportunities will be given of taking up special investigations, pursuing them beyond the mere surface study of the play; lastly, in the regular meetings, the acting of parts, without costumes or scenery. Meetings are to be held every other Friday; meetings to be conducted by a separate chairman each time; the executive committee to consist of Prof. Hotchkiss, chairman, Misses Morris, Price, Titus, and McDill. Attendance and membership is voluntary, and meetings are open to visitors.

A typical blizzard struck us Wednesday, and we had about the coldest weather of the year. To cap the climax, something struck the boiler too, and our part was Greenland in miniature—not a bit of steam all day. Workmen were engaged in cleaning the dozens of flues till 1 A.M., which improved matters.

Gymnasium was a place of torture, and heavy colds were the general result of exercising on Thursday by the young men and "co-eds." Friday, "co-eds" were excused from attendance on account of the weather. Speaking of "gymnasium," Mr. A. J. Sullivan came near losing a portion of his "gray matter" by a cracked skull, the result of a high jump over the long horse, and a landing on the hard "gym" floor. A swelled head and a big bump are gentle reminders of the accident.

The Misses Senkind were visitors at the students' "gym" exercises Thursday evening.

The "co-eds" are hard at work practising for the match game of basket ball with a city team next Thursday. Our team will wear buff and blue colors, and defend them right well.

The Owls have been presented with the last issues of the *Wellesley Magazine*, "The Chisel," and the

"College Folio," from Western Reserve University, Ohio.

Mr. J. A. McIlvaine, '93, took advantage of Washington's Birthday to make a short visit to—to college, arriving Saturday morning and returning to his duties Sunday evening. He was a visitor at Dr. Gallaudet's Bible class Sunday morning, and of course went through the usual amount of handshaking which falls to the lot of visiting Alumni.

Dr. Gallaudet and family are planning to attend the wedding of the Doctor's niece, Miss Trumbull, to occur at Philadelphia in a few days.

Mr. Herbert Gallaudet has a charming story in the "Yale Lit," entitled "Ma Chere," which sustains his reputation as an artistic story writer.

Last Sabbath evening Dr. Gallaudet delivered an interesting address to the members of the Refere.

A number from the Green have been attending Verhoff's beautiful water color exhibition, being held for a few weeks now. The reputation of Verhoff's gallery alone is enough to draw crowds, but the water colors are said to make an exquisite show.

Misses Martin and Frederick delivered a patriotic hymn, in signs, before the Monday evening session of the Daughters of the Revolution.

The Seniors are comparing rates and pictures preparatory to deciding where to have the class photos taken.

The Senior young ladies have most kindly been granted permission by Mr. Denison to take observation work in teaching at the Kendall School. Such an experience in practical application of teaching little ones, cannot help but benefit them greatly.

Messrs. Sullivan, Smielau and Nicholson, attended an evening party in the city Tuesday evening, as the guests of Mr. Grahe, who was present at the "Junior Promenade."

The upper classes have received copies of the "Cap and Gown," a pamphlet containing excellent sketches and illustrations of "cap and gown" costumes. Many expressions approving it are met with among the students. Whether the costume may finally be adopted is uncertain. But in "ye scribe's" private opinion, it will be within a few years, though not this year.

Profs. Fay, Gordon and Chickering addressed High Schools in the city Friday evening, as part of the exercises in honor of Washington's Birthday.

A party of fourteen "co-eds," chaperoned by Mr. Adams, spent the afternoon at Chevy Chase, whither many of the students also resorted. The ice was not very good, but a merry holiday was passed, of course; the "ducks" also had their picture taken during the afternoon.

Others of the students witnessed the parade on Pennsylvania Avenue. Great was the pomp and glory thereof; brave soldier boys marched by in the gala attire of the *Corcoran* Cadets—white, blue and gold; the National Fencible green and gold, a company widely applauded by the throngs of people looking on. Then there were the brave old National Guard, with their ridiculously tall fur caps; then company after company of handsome High School Cadets.

It is rumored around college, since Washington's birthday was on Saturday, we are to have one more day added to the usual five days, Easter vacation. Also 'tis said since Decoration Day is also on Saturday, we'll just anticipate that, and take another holiday at Easter.

Tuesday evening, having heard much about the glories of the "Poultry Show" at Central Market, a party of a round dozen "co-eds," chaperoned by Mr. Fowler and Mrs. Temple, attended the show, which surpassed all expectations.

Misses Taylor and Titus received as their guests Sunday afternoon, three young lady friends from a city seminary. They were accompanied by three chaperons. We think one chaperon is fate enough, but three!

Four rows of new chairs have been added to chapel for the use of the "co-eds." They are higher than the old ones, and make one feel like one is on a perch.

Prof. Hotchkiss delivered a Sunday lecture on the "Sword Song," Genesis 4: 23, 24.

"Adah and Zillah, Hear my voice;
Ye wives of Lamech, hearken unto my speech;
For I have slain a man to my wounding,
And a young man to my hurt.
If Cain shall be avenged sevenfold,
Truly Lamech seventy and sevenfold."

According to Bible students, this is a song addressed to the first sword made by man, a triumphal singing of the power put in man's hand by his own work.

Friday afternoon was an unlucky one of the "ducks." Some imp of mischief induced the more daring older girls to choose the witching hour of midnight to anoint with flour the locks of each unsuspecting "duck" who had left her door unlocked or had a transom big enough to climb through. Next morning there was many a white head at the duck table. "But, strange to say, a Senior also came down to breakfast with a liberal sprinkling of flour visible. In-

quiries were hurled at her, and by degrees the "tale of woe" came out that a few days previous, she and her duck roommate had "swapped" beds, changing corners for a time. When the bearers of the flour-bowl came in, they were not aware of this change in beds, and innocently poured flour on the head of the supposed duck, and were horrified to find their mistake, when the Senior awoke and caught them "whitehanded" in the very act. The ducks thought it was a huge joke, and it was (for the "other fellows.")

Much sympathy is expressed about college for the trouble which has visited Fanwood, and hopes are held that the normal order will soon be restored.

L. McDILL.

Stone Deaf, She "Feels" Music

(From the N. Y. Recorder.)

Not every person in this city has heard of Mrs. Elizabeth W. Hedges. She has a son named Job, who is private secretary to the Mayor.

Mrs. Hedges thinks Job is the most remarkable man on earth. As Job has political enemies, there may be some dispute about that. Job thinks his mother is the most remarkable of women. There are others who think so, too. Certain it is that the characteristics of few women are worthy of as much attention.

When Mrs. Hedges was 7 years old she was stricken with congestion of the brain. When she recovered she was stone deaf. Not being able to hear, she became doubtful of her voice and pronunciation, and had almost lost the faculty of speech when she became old enough to realize the double misfortune under which she was living.

It was then that the latent power of the woman was exercised. She began to teach herself to speak, studying by an acute intelligence, understood only by herself, the use of different tones, accent and enunciation. It was seven years, she tells her friends, before she could say "Chicago" correctly. Other words bothered her for a long time, and she was always conscious of the fault. By dint of perseverance, she finally mastered the language, so that now she speaks volubly, elegantly and always rightly.

It is so long since Mrs. Hedges heard a sound that she has forgotten what sounds are. Yet she declares she "feels" the sound of every human voice. When she looks straight at a person she reads every word from the movement of the lips, and, more than that, she has developed some mysterious sense, which is not that of hearing, that distinguishes one voice from another.

Harsh voices grate on her feelings, as they do upon the feelings of those who hear. Mrs. Hedges abhors bad music and loves good music. Let a player on the piano in the parlor make a few discordant sounds and her face will show displeasure at once, if she cares to notice the player's error. Let the chords be harmonious, and she will look as if she were listening for every note and enjoying it.

Many deaf persons have been known to read language from the lips, but it is doubtful if one has ever done so with the facility shown by Mrs. Hedges. Sitting among a circle of friends, where the conversation is general, she knows what is being said. She has but to turn her earnest face from one speaker to another to catch the trend of sentiment. When it is time for her to speak, she does so as naturally as if her ears, instead of her wonderful eyes and magnetic, or electric, sense, whatever it is that takes the place of hearing, had been giving to her brain what was going on around.

This extraordinary woman is a regular theatre-goer, and she never misses an opportunity to be present at the opera. From a back seat, from a box, or even from the balcony, she enjoys the play and the singing.

Some one asked her one evening how it was that she read the words of players from a distance, particularly as they seldom faced the audience directly when speaking.

"I don't always know what they are saying," said she, "but I know what they mean. Their actions and positions on the stage tell me that in a second."

Not long ago Mrs. Hedges was present for the first time when Calve sang. Since then she has gone to "hear" the prima donna repeatedly.

The other night Calve was on the stage, and Mrs. Hedges stood near the door, thinking that if she went to her box she might disturb the singer, as well as the audience. When the charming vocalist left the stage, Mrs. Hedges enthusiastically beat her fan upon her hand.

"Why, Mrs. Hedges," said an acquaintance, a woman, who occupied a nearby seat, "I didn't think you could understand music, especially so far away."

"I can understand Calve anywhere," she replied.

Further, she declared that she

"felt" every note of Calve's singing, and it thrilled her.

Mrs. Hedges attends lectures, and can talk about them afterward. She attends meetings such as that given in honor of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, where many speakers appear. She likes this one and doesn't like that one. She may discuss the remarks of any of them. The whole meeting she comprehends well enough to be able to criticize its strong and its weak points.

When asked how she distinguished what was said when a speaker wore a drooping moustache that covered the lips, she answered:

"The moustache forms the words."

For twenty-five years the Hedges have lived at Miller's Hotel, in West 27th Street, between Broadway and Sixth Avenue. The affairs of the day and politics in political times are discussed in the public rooms there, as they are in other hotels. Somehow or other this extraordinary woman knows as well as any guest what the consensus of opinion is.

Yet she cannot hear the roar of a cannon and she doesn't know what the noises of Broadway and the railroads are like. With her eyes closed, human voices and steam whistles are one to her.

PHILADELPHIA.

(From our Philadelphia Correspondent.)

Miss Lydia K. Denlinger, of Fertility, Pa., Mr. Joseph Smith, of Kunkletown, Pa., and Mrs. H. E. Stevens and Mrs. H. Scott, of Merchantville, N. J., and Mr. McClintock, of Nicetown, and several strangers, were seen among the congregation in All Souls' Church yesterday afternoon.

A very enjoyable party was given in honor of Mrs. Wm. Lee, in Mt. Airy, Pa., by her friends, last Saturday evening.

Mr. W. H. Lipsett, whose residence is 1309 Christian Street, has a contract with the Angle Lamp Company, of New York City, to act as its sole agent in this city. The Angle lamp is a perfect substitute for gas and electricity, and the only lamp in the world with no under shadow, heat, smoke or odor. He will gladly show the lamp to any mute living in this city.

Miss Sallie Fleming, who was once a pupil in Kendall School, near Washington, D. C., is going home to Delaware on March 27th. Her pleasant face will be missed by her admirers and friends.

Dr. Eugene Alexander Houston, of Yonkers, N. Y., was over to see his brother and family, in Frankford last Wednesday, but had to go back home next day.

At All Souls' Club hall, last Thursday evening, Mrs. Syle to recited "Cymbeline," and Robert M. Zeigler, spoke on the Venezuela and Cuban troubles.

Mr. Michael Higgins, the venerable sexton of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, had a hard experience in fighting with a fierce tom-cat which took a refuge in the church for a few days, last Wednesday evening, but succeeded in firing the silent burglar out of the church after a long "battle."

Mr. John H. Sands is once more turned out of employment, and his place given to an Italian at reduced pay. His family is in distress. Deaf-mutes ought to help his family until he gets a job.

We were surprised to hear that Mr. John Breen, brother of Thomas Breen, was killed by a train in the far West the other day. Thomas couldn't go the funeral, but he liberally paid the funeral expenses. He has our sympathy.

Mr. Parry, the only son of the deceased owner of Baldwin Locomotive Works, and the nephew of Mrs. Mary Rocap, who went over to Asia with the idea of travelling over the world, died suddenly, and his remains will be sent to this country soon. Mrs. Rocap has our sympathy upon the loss of her beloved nephew.

THE RECORDER.

Feb. 24, 1896.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES MARCH 1, 1896.

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT, 3 P.M.

St. Ann's in St. John the Evangelist, N. Y.
St. Mark's, Adelphi St., Brooklyn.
Holy Communion.
Trinity Church, Newark.
St. Mark's Church, Tarrytown.

Deaf-mutes are invited to meet every Tuesday, at 8 P.M., in the Parish House of the Church of the Beloved Disciple, 67 East 89th Street, between Madison and Fourth Avenues.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

FEBRUARY.

29—Grand Rapids.

MARCH.

1—10:30 A.M., Grand Rapids, Holy Communion.

1—3 P.M., Grand Rapids, Service and Sermon.

1—7:30 P.M., Grand Rapids, Probable.

Address: REV. A. W. MANN, Gambler, Ohio.

NEW YORK.

The "Poverty Party" Largely Attended.

A VERY ENJOYABLE AFFAIR.

About Three Hundred Took Advantage of the Price of Twenty-Five Cents—Two Hundred Dine at Once—Some Pretty Costumes.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Theo. I. Lounsbury's address is 238 East 50th Street, New York City.

When the Deaf-Mutes' League sounded the announcement that that they would have a "Poverty Party" at a popular price it sent joy to many hearts, for the deaf are accustomed to two balls a year, and when it was supposed the Quad Club was the only one in the field many began to fear a long, dreary winter, for the "party" proved to be a regular ball, something of a masked ball, but, owing to the committee's not deeming it necessary to secure a permit for such, few masks were worn, for early in the evening the managers of the ball warned them against using masks. Therefore, many who had brought costumes did not wear them at all, because they could not for a few hours hide their identity behind them.

To go over all the details would be tiresome reading, for a ball is a ball and it has been described again and again, for although the present was nominally a "party," it had the resemblance of a ball in all its respects. Three hundred was about the attendance figure, and they came early, not knowing the party would last till 3 A.M., as it did.

Messrs. N. W. Loew, A. C. Bachrach and Edgar Bloom, were the committee in charge, and to them credit for the success of the affair is due. The music struck up an overture at about nine o'clock, and at 9:30 the grand march commenced, with President Frankenstein and Miss Abbott, of Vermont, leading, followed by Secretary Levy and Alice Raines, and about fifty couples. Those in costumes, so far as their characters could be made out, were:

Miss Alice Raines, hospital nurse; Mrs. Alexander Goldfogle, chambermaid; Mrs. Conzelmann, sailress; Miss Bertha Hahn, dancing girl; Miss Ida Auspach, Egyptian; Miss Matilda Hitz, peasant; and others in fancy ball costumes; J. Alexander, Arab; C. E. Vernon, "New Man"; Mr. Max Levy, valet; Mr. J. Britt, double-faced man; Alex. Goldfogle, a laborer labelled "We, Us & Co"; Adolph Pfander, tramp; Julius Elkin, washerwoman; F. K. Konzelmann, sport; Theo. S. Rose, Lord High Chief Justice; Kahn, clown; and a dozen other odd characters.

The committee on award decided Mr. Kahn had the best costume for gentlemen, and Miss Ida Auspach, the best female costume.

Prior to the dancing a few of the costumed boys entertained the audience by a farce on the stage that might be labelled "The Tramps at Large." During the intermission between dances about two hundred marched to the dining-room and enjoyed a good spread at fifty cents per plate that would have done justice to a Gallaudet celebration.

Among the many present the following is as good a list as could be secured:

Mr. and Mrs. M. Heyman, Mr. and Mrs. Schenck, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Wormuth, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Pfeiffer, Mr. and Mrs. E. Souweine, Mr. and Mrs. J. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Bothner, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. MacKenzie and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Metzner, Mr. and Mrs. George Taggard, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Goldfogle, Mr. and Mrs. J. Dunlap, Mr. and Mrs. Lieberman, Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs, Mrs. and Miss Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. McMann, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Halsey, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Meinken, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Meisel, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Hanneman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Veitlerlein, Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Loew, Mrs. A. M. Yankauer, Mrs. Haulbach, Mrs. Conzelmann, Mrs. Finkelstein, Mrs. William Wright, Misses Maund Blaurock, Alice Pease, May Stapleton, Ida Abrams, Carrie Harth, Mary Reed, Anna MacKenzie, Edna Miller, Amelia Rosenthal, Louise Cathor, Fannie Taggard, Mary Tyner, Bertha Hahn, Lena Brink, Lizzie Isgen, Kitty Campbell, Katie Weber, Nellie Long, P. Rachel, K. Litterer, Mary Brister, Celia Schloss, Maggie Hogan, Lizzie Weber, Louisa Grinnin, Ann Berliner, Gussie Berley, Sarah Stein, Margaret H. Jones, Martha Jaycox.

Messrs. Francis Nuboor, A.

Capelli, A. L. Pach, E. A. Hodgson, A. Ekardt, Geo. Lindemann, Julius Wilken and sister, Hugh and John Conlon, T. W. Brown, I. Oppenheimer, F. Hoffman, Geo. Walsh, E. O. Lewis, S. M. Brown, George August, mother, brother and sister, T. Tighe, J. F. O'Brien, J. F. Donnelly, Ed. Shannon, J. R. Newcomb, W. Gilbert, H. Kohlman and relatives, C. E. Vernon, J. Mooney, D. Shea, T. W. Haight, F. A. Stryker, W. McVea, C. L. Schindler, P. Mitchell, G. Werner, Geo. Schaefer, Ad. Pfandler, E. Eck, J. Healey, Ira W. Tyler, Joe Sonneborn, James Black, J. Ryan, Wm. Bants, Gaetano Gioda, Ph. Eichelsor, Peter A. Potter, O. Gomprecht, Simon Hirsh, Vincent Kelly, P. F. Rodington, Frank Brown, R. J. McDonald, John Black, Jacob Sharlin, Willie Stearn, John Schriener, Walter T. Long, I. N. Soper, Louis Morris, Francis Sheldon, H. Korngold, J. McInerney, W. G. Jones, J. Bulkley, B. Denison, John Van Seggar, Prof. D. L. Elmendorf, and the usual "many others."

The dancing orders were printed on grocer's brown paper, an appropriate affair, in accord with the poverty prevailing on the occasion.

It may safely be said the club is richer by over thirty dollars, as expenses were held down to a minimum and the one hundred and fifty tickets printed were all sold before the day of the party, and over a hundred paid for admission at the door.

All through it was an enjoyable affair, held in a ball room with all the necessary adjuncts. There was no charge for hat checks, and well may the Union League be congratulated upon the outcome. It may be the result of setting an example of popular prices and large attendances, but considering the low cost of the rent of that hall, which was said to be \$5, it is doubtful if any other club can get a like hall for that price.

Mrs. Totten, of the Gallaudet Home, who was a week or two ago reported to be dying, is now as well and vigorous as before her illness, and has yet a number of years of life to enjoy, it would seem, from her present appearance. She is eighty-seven years old, and Mrs. Nelson, who came down from the Home last week, says she has a hearty appetite.

Mr. W. G. Jones will deliver a reading at the Church of the Beloved Disciple, 89th Street, between Madison and Fourth Avenues on Tuesday evening, March 17th—St. Patrick's Day.

The fair to be held in aid of the home on April 14th and 15th, is well under way, and Miss Berley, who has the affair in charge, reports most encouraging prospects.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Loew, who recently removed from Chicago to Philadelphia, were in town last week, visiting the latter's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Pfeiffer have under consideration the renting of a flat on West 105th Street, this city, and will move to it or some other one the first of April. Brooklyn is too slow for them.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Annie Berliner to Mr. Jacob Scharlin.

Herman Hanneman was some time ago robbed of wearing apparel. His trunk was pilfered and his best suit of clothes misappropriated.

Gaetano Gioda has secured a position as modeler with Mr. Tiffany. He is a first-class workman, and in Italy was awarded seven medals, one gold and six silver. With him work Jules Maria and Robert C. Harth.

Sol. Weil has returned home to Buffalo, where he has obtained a good position. Business with his firm in this city was bad for some time.

I. Oppenheimer went to the theatre Saturday, "Standing Room Only" had just been removed and he could not get in. As a result he went to Koster & Bial's and there met three other deaf friends.

The firm of Samuels & Co., portrait artists, is dissolved and Henry Samuels is now conducting the business alone.

From New Haven were at the Fifth Avenue Hotel Sunday Archie Baxter, J. E. Taplin and Mr. Mackrille, to boom ball affairs there. Quite a number will go there on April 7th. Fare is \$1.40, and one can leave at night and get back to work in the morning.

The Xavier Union had a debate on the question of consolidation last week. By a vote of the members, after listening to the arguments, nine were against consolidation and eight in favor. Messrs. Cassidy and Dennison "affirmatively" consolidated and Messrs. Kane and Kennedy "negatively" it.

Seymour Gomprecht left E. Souweine two weeks ago and is now learning steel engraving.

Grieto de Géc sailed Saturday for his dear old castle in France.

A. Klemme will go to Germany sooner than he expected—probably about the middle of March—to be gone six months.

The Egla murder mystery is today just as it was a week ago. It is probable nobody will be indicted.

The evidence against the Fitzgerald brothers is rather strong, but there is their strong alibi and physical condition to offset it. As said last week, it is bound to remain a mystery until the police follow up new clues, but there are no new clues, and the right clues have been lost sight of during the lapse of three weeks. TED.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Several entertainments were attempted without success till the last one we had here in St. James Parish Hall, on Spring and Swan Streets. It took place on the 11th with S. P. Cornelius in charge of the arrangements. It was a "Birthday Bag" party, and was for the benefit of the missionary's expense fund. It terminated successfully, with a snug sum netted for the fund of \$20.54. Rev. C. O. Dantzer, charged with amusing the party, did his part with credit.

Mrs. J. A. Braven, in charge of the committee of ladies, entertained them with refreshments.

Two prizes were offered, one for the oldest (or rather the most money found in the bag), and a booby one for the least age.

C. B. Voss won the first prize, notwithstanding his youthfulness. As for the booby prize, three were found to be two years old and had to be chosen by lot. Little Helen Bergquist was the lucky one. Before all departed to their several homes, they were photographed by flashlight by S. P. Cornelius.

There were about 50 deaf-mutes present with a good sprinkling of hearing friends. Among the out-of-town mutes were Mr. W. Hallet, of Niagara Falls, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. I. Sanders, and Rev. and Mrs. Dantzer, of Rochester.

The next evening, the 12th, the Rev. A. W. Mann was with us and gave a lecture on the Antiquities of Rome, in the meeting room of the League.

It was quite interesting, and is regretted that there was not as large an attendance as the "Birthday Bag" party the evening before. The notice given in the deaf-mute papers was for the 13th, and some were too tired to come again so soon. Rev. Mr. Mann is expected to lecture again. There is another lecture in store for the 19th. The Queen City of Lakes may now be considered as quite progressive. Rev. and Mrs. Dantzer, and Mr. and Mrs. Sanders viewed the ice-bridge at Niagara Falls. Whether they crossed on it, your scribe has not ascertained.

It is learned that Mr. C. E. Webster's young son is seriously ill with gastric fever.

A number of deaf-mutes met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Braven on the evening of the 15th, and from thence were escorted to 53 Peach Street, where a "Surprise Party" was tendered Mrs. J. J. Reinder. They were entertained in various ways till near midnight, before which a bountiful supper was served. They were also photographed by flashlight.

On the evening of the 19th, when the Rev. C. Orvis Dantzer was to give his lecture before the Ephiphatha League and the deaf-mutes in general, a terrible storm swept down upon us. It was therefore postponed to a future date not yet fixed.

At present the chief topic of conversation is the murder of Prof. Max. Egla. Among the deaf-mutes of this city, Mr. Fred S. Peak and the writer were for a year in Prof. Egla's drawing class at Cooper Institute. Both had three years' course in the clay-modelling class.

Our old friend, Mr. Sol. D. Weil, is back among us, and it is said that he is to stay here about a year, having been offered a position. Of late the business of the firm, J. M. Weil & Brothers, of New York, has not been very brisk, owing to hot competition. We have here now Messrs. Weil and Hahn, who were with the firm in New York.

Our enterprising dressmaker, Miss Minnie Schweikhardt, has been overwhelmed with orders and is constantly kept busy. She has a new sign put up on the door next to her father's shoe store. She has a few deaf-mute customers, and being a semi-mute, did not expect them exclusively.

February 21, 1896.

TURNED ON A PEACEMAKER

QUARRELING MUTES BEAT A POLICEMAN WHO INTERFERED.

WILMINGTON, DEL., Feb. 19.—Early this morning Policeman Andrew J. Sherry met three deaf-mutes, who were quarrelling at Seventh and Washington Streets, and attempted to arrest them. They set upon him, and before help arrived he was quite badly beaten. He was almost paralyzed, and it was thought his back was broken, but after he was taken home in the patrol wagon it was learned that his injuries were less severe than was supposed. The three mutes, Joseph W. McCullough, Morris Fell and Thomas F. Keelins, were locked up to await a hearing.—Philadelphia Record, Feb. 17, 1896.

COLUMBUS.

Important Changes at the Ohio Institution.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH- DAY CELEBRATED.

He Wasn't Killed on the Railroad.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The unexpected generally happens. Tuesday was the time set for the monthly meeting of the Board of Trustees. Aside of attending to the ordinary business, nothing else was anticipated. When the meeting was over the announcement was made that Mrs. Catherine Sites, who for four years past had filled the position of Matron, had tendered her resignation. Also that Mrs. Cora Jones, the wife of the Superintendent, had been appointed Matron; furthermore that Mr. Robert Patterson had, in addition to his duties as Principal of the schools, been made clerk to the Superintendent.

Mrs. Jones, we are led to believe by her kindly disposition towards the pupils since she came here, will in every way fill the position satisfactorily, and will have the esteem and confidence of the children under her care.

Mr. Patterson will have double the duties to perform, but as he is familiar with the office work a better selection could not have been made, and as long as the superintendent has him as his right hand man, everything will move along smoothly.

The Board did not stop here with these changes, but looked after the educational advancement of the Institution also, by creating an Aural department. This was attempted a couple of years ago, but after a year's trial had to be dropped for want of sufficient funds. It is now revived and Mrs. Sites given in charge of it. It is to be hoped it will become a permanent fixture of the school course. Mrs. Sites will go to the Nebraska school for a season to familiarize herself with the work of Aural training. It is not likely the department will be opened before the next session in the fall.

The *Evening Press* has the following concerning the meeting: "The board of trustees of the Ohio Institution for the deaf and dumb held an important meeting last night. The president of the board, Hon. W. H. Gypson, of Upper Sandusky; Judge G. P. Tyler, of Rushville, and Hon. George Hamilton, of East Liverpool, were present, together with Superintendent J. W. Jones and Steward J. K. Pollard, and Hon. R. P. Kennedy, the other members of the board, were absent.

"Aside from the regular routine business transacted, some changes of considerable importance were decided upon. The most important of these changes is inaugurated by the creation of an entirely new department of the institution, to be known as the aural department. As the name indicates, the department is for the special training of those mutes who have a partial hearing. By a system of training with the use of special instruments, such as ear trumpets, ear tubes and the like, the pupil is enabled to hear his own voice, and thereby the task of teaching him to talk is not only simplified but made more natural. His articulation is more natural and lacks that pitiable mechanical tone and articulation which results from the teaching of pupils by watching the movement of the lips. Another great advantage of the aural method is that it develops the hearing. Pupils sometimes have a latent hearing, which becomes quite good by means of the aural system of training.

"To the head of this important department, the trustees have appointed Mrs. Catherine Sites, who for the past four years has been matron of the institution. Mrs. Sites will take an additional course of training in aural methods at the special training school at Omaha, Neb., and will organize the department in the Ohio institution upon her return.

"The board adopted a resolution extending its thanks for, and expressing its appreciation of, the work done by Mrs. Sites during her four years as matron. In place of Mrs. Sites, Mrs. J. W. Jones, wife of the superintendent, will be installed as matron.

"Professor Robert Patterson, who has been principal of the school, was appointed clerk to the superintendent.

The pupils had a holiday yesterday. Superintendent said that as they had been exceptionally good children for some time past, they deserved a relaxation from school duties, and as Washington's birth-

day fell on Saturday he would let them celebrate it the day previous. Accordingly all work and school routine was dispensed with. The day proved fine, though somewhat cold. Principal Patterson, at 9:45 A.M., gave them a good lecture on the life and character of the Father of his country. In the afternoon they were given a social on the girls' side of the house. At supper they were treated to lemon ice, as an extra.

Six-thirty o'clock found the chapel full of people to witness the entertainment which the committee for the purpose had been at work upon for some time past.

The program, with a synopsis of the play given, was as follows:

I. COMPANY DRILL.—By Ezra Hedges, Joseph Addison, Andrew Stevenson, Anton Svanda, Lorenzo Young, Daniel Whitehead, Harley Drake, Willie Fryer, John Winemiller, Rufus Jeffries, Clarence Hayman and Peter Gillooly.

II. PLAY—"The Trials of John Boggs and Family."

CHARACTERS.
John Boggs Mrs. Boggs
Ned, their son Julia, their daughter
Fred, a Mischievous Little Chap Leon Jones
The Baby
A Cruel Landlord Frank Ellerhorst
A Benevolent Gentleman Frank Ellerhorst
Constable Joseph Anderson
Bootblack and Newsboy Peter Gillooly
A Son of the Orient John VanGorder
Cyrus Urba (Chief)
W. W. Smith
R. Jeffries
A Swanda
J. Winemiller
Guess who?

Red men
Bruno

SYNOPSIS:
ACT I.—The home of Mr. and Mrs. Boggs. "Oh, what a baby!" Cutting up pranks. "No work and rent day at hand. The frugal meal. The hard-hearted landlord. An unwelcome comer. A friend to the rescue. The bargain and brighter prospects in view."

ACT II.—The railway station. A shine and its consequences. "Beware of pick-pockets." "Here comes the train." An unfortunate loss. All board. A new comer. "Me washee muchee." A combat and its result.

ACT III.—Mr. Boggs and family at their new home. An interrupted meal. The struggle. Overpowered by the Indians. Gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds. Prisoners all. Away to the Indian camp.

ACT IV.—The Council. Uninvited. A bag for life. A poor Bruno. Running the gauntlet. The escape and chase of Boggs. "What of the family?" A sound sleep. Ned's watchful eye. "Walk softly." A sudden awakening. "Where are the prisoners?" The pursuit.

III. TABLEAU FROM THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON.
1. Cutting in Haste.
2. Repenting at Leisure.
3. George and Martha Washington.
4. The Prayer at Valley Forge.

The committee, Mr. A. B. Greener, Miss Bertha Byers, Miss Louise Colmery, Miss Letitia Doane, and Miss Bessie Edgar, spared no pains to get up something that would please and meet the approval of the children, and that they were successful was attested by the frequent bursts of applause.

The uniform of the drill company was dark pantaloons, white shirts, silver colored helmets. Each member wore an imperial, and the sight was pleasing. The young men went through the several movements of the drill very well.

The play was the origination of one of the committee and throughout was full of sympathetic and stirring scenes. The barricading of the home against the Indians, overpowered, the captives council and escape, all enlisted intense interest. The tableaux from the life of Washington were a happy hit, and were things of beauty as they appeared in red and green fires. Every one declares the affair a success, and hence the committee feels duly repaid for the time and labor devoted to it.

Superintendent and Matron Jones, after the performances, treated the players to a fine lunch in the dining-room, which was not only appreciated, but greatly relished by them. The Indians just looked the real kind of savages. Their acting brought forth lots of enthusiasm from the house.

At the request of Superintendent Jones, Rev. A. W. Mann came to the Institution Tuesday, and baptized Miss Annie Dye, who has been sick for some time.

Miss Carrie Kuhnner, for the present, is acting as nurse in one of the hospitals, and finds the change a relief from binding work.

John Mayhugh was written up as having been killed on the railroad, turned up here Thursday alive and well. It was another man by the same name. He informed us that he is not in the habit of walking on railroad tracks. He is peddling a cake cutter, which is a quite a novelty in its way, and is a success at it.

February 22, '96 A. B. G.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

MARCH
1-10:45 A. M. Christ Church, Binghamton, Holy Communion.
1-3 P. M. Christ Church, Binghamton, Evening Prayer.
1-7:30 P. M. Christ Church, Binghamton, Confirmation by the Bishop.
2-7:30 P. M. Trinity, Elmira.
3-7:30 P. M. St. James, Buffalo, Evening Prayer.
7-10:30 A. M. St. Paul's, Rochester, Lecture.
8-10:30 A. M. St. James, Buffalo, Evening Prayer.
Other appointments will be announced later.

Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER, 17 Glenwood Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

A Society for Deaf-Mutes.

A society, called the "Le Contoux St. Mary's Literary Society," was organized recently in Buffalo by the former pupils of St. Mary's Deaf Institution.

It is for the deaf of both sexes. The society meets once in two weeks in the library of the Institution, the young ladies' meeting being on Wednesday, and that of the young men, on Thursday evenings. At the first meeting the following officers were elected by the ladies: Honorary President, Rev. P. S. Gilmore; Directress, Sister M. Isidore; President, Miss Mary A. Carroll; Vice-President, Miss Mamie A. Reilly; Secretary, Miss Mary Kiefer; Treasurer, Miss Maria Hughes. The officers elected by the men, are as follows: Hon. President, Rev. P. S. Gilmore; Directress, Sr. M. Dositheus; President, Mr. John Conlon, Vice-President, Mr. Joseph Schlageter; Secretary, Mr. William Briel, Treasurer, Mr. Peter Gabel.

Once a month a meeting is held at which both ladies and gentlemen attend. Much interest is manifested in the society by its members and much good is expected to result therefrom.

At the ladies' first meeting a very interesting paper was read by Miss Mamie N. Reilly, on the life of Abbe De l'Epee. Maria Hughes also read a paper on the object of the society. At the close of the meeting ices, cake and coffee were served, it being the feast of St. Francis De Sales, Patron of the deaf. At the last meeting the President, Miss Carroll, read by signs, a charming paper on "Reading." Her signs were grace itself. Mrs. John Conlon read a poem entitled "A Mute Mother," and Miss Rose Carroll gave a talk on Literature. On Monday evening, February 17th, was held the first monthly meeting. It being the first, it was a purely social gathering and no business was transacted. Progressive euchre was the programme for the evening. Prizes were won by Miss Laura Freiburger and Miss Mamie N. Reilly, Mr. John Conlon and Mr. Max Laukaski.

About 10:30 a dainty supper was served. The table decorations were palms and ferns. Covers were laid for forty, the place of honor being held by Rev. P. S. Gilmore, who organized the society. The young ladies in charge of the supper were Misses Carroll, Kiefer, Reilly and Hughes. They were assisted by Misses Murray and Dwyer, and several of the Sisters. A very merry time was had.

The next meeting will be held Wednesday and Thursday evenings, February 26th and 27th.

M. G. H.

Brooklyn's Stray Notes.

Mrs. Emma V. Brown will go to Amityville, L. I., on March 11th next. She will remain there during the coming summer. She gave a pleasant farewell reception to a host of her friends on George Washington's birthday. The playing of cards and telling funny stories in which "Biddy" Renwick took the leading part, made the evening an enjoyable affair. A neat supper then followed.

In Newton, L. I., Mr. and Mrs. William E. Schenck were tendered a surprise party, which proved a pleasant and enjoyable affair, on February 8th.

Mr. Henry Evans received a subpoena for jury duty. He was excused when the clerk found out that he was a deaf-mute.

Things point out that there will probably be no picnic in Brooklyn during the coming summer. The late Brooklyn Society is no more. The Brooklyn Guild has now chances. Will the Guild get up one for us?

Mr. James Burns was found helpless and suffering from rheumatism on February 7th. He was removed to the Homeopathic Hospital. He is a familiar figure in the neighborhood of Clermont and Park Avenues. He has no home, and has no regular trade or occupation, but works at odd jobs. He is a graduate of Fanwood School, and keeps low company.

"Red-hot enthusiasm for charity" was shown by the deaf of New York on Tuesday night, the 18th inst. Mr. Godfrey, of Brooklyn, lectured for charity to twenty attendants. Where was the other one hundred at that time? is a hard question to answer.

The Brooklyn Guild elected the new officers for the year on Thursday night, the 6th inst. President, Henry L. Juhring; Vice President, Archie J. McLaren; Secretary, Chas. E. Green, and Treasurer, Frank Eeka.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet could not lecture before the Brooklyn Guild on the 6th inst. The weather was so stormy that the pastor was advised to stay at home. Dr. Gallaudet will deliver his postponed lecture on March 5th.

Mr. Archie J. McLaren, Vice President of the Brooklyn Guild, is a member of the Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company.

W. B.

FANWOOD.

Marked Progress for the Better.

VISITORS NOT YET PER- MITTED.

News Notes of the Week in Brief.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

I am pleased to be able to chronicle that there is marked improvement in the general health of the pupils. At last the doctors have succeeded in checking the progress of the measles, with which many of the little ones were stricken, and which resulted in six deaths. The school is yet quarantined, and no visitors are allowed to enter any of the buildings, but with the marked improvement of the past few days, I hope to be able to state next week that the Board of Health has granted a clean bill of health.

Prior to the Christmas holidays there was no sickness at the school, but notwithstanding this the buildings were cleaned from top to bottom, therefore it will be seen that everything was done by the management of the school to guard against any possible disease, but alas! the pupils are not all children of rich parents. Some live in the poorest part of the city, and it must have been from one of these that infection reached the school. I think it would be well to give up home-going. The long Summer vacation is quite sufficient, and by having all the pupils remain at the Institution danger from contagious diseases would be avoided.

Everything that was possible has been done. Dr. Alexander, the Attending Physician, has had Dr. Leale and Dr. Herriek, Consulting Physicians, to assist him. Trained nurses have been at the bedside of the sick little ones day and night, and now that it is almost all over we all again breathe easier.

Praises are due to the Principal and his staff for their untiring efforts during the past three weeks. They gave their entire time to the sick, and that they were not taken sick themselves is indeed a wonder. How often in the middle of the night and in the early morning Principal Currier got up to attend to this and that will never be known, but now that the crisis is almost over, the careworn look on his face is disappearing.

The subject of Principal Currier's stereopticon lecture was on United States History, from the early beginning to the present day. The early settlers were pictured on the canvas. The great revolution, the final triumph and independence were made clear. The Civil War was illustrated. Battle scenes in which the Union soldiers engaged were shown. Portraits of prominent generals were applauded with "Chautauqua" salutes, and I can not tell a lie, when the familiar face of General George Washington was shown near to the close of the lecture, the noise was great, so great that in describing it literary people would say it "brought down the house." Washington, Lincoln, next—a quarter century hence, maybe, the third greatest American will be known.

Osmond Loew was made glad by several nice presents from his father, Mr. Jacques Loew, of New York and Philadelphia, lately of Chicago, the great Western metropolis, sometimes known as the "White City," "Windy City," "City by the Lake," "World's Fair City," "Wicked City," etc., etc.

Prof. Thomas Francis Fox entertained the members of the Fanwood Literary Association in the chapel Saturday evening, with a "War Romance." He was unable to finish, so he will continue it next Saturday.

If some one would turn the X rays on the "plain boy" and discover how to stop the wheels in his head, it would be conferring a boon on this long-suffering community.

Skating was enjoyed last week. The boys made a rink and while the cold weather lasted the sport was kept up.

The Weather.—At the present writing the windows of my room are wide open, the air is cool and pleasant. Last week it was below zero. A variety of weather to please all tastes.

A. QUAD, FANWOOD, Feb. 24, '96.

EGLAU'S MURDER.

What Supt. Greene Says About It.

STILL A DARK MYSTERY.

The Coroner's Inquest Postponed for a Week to Enable the Police to Work Up a Supposed Clue.

(New York Sun, Feb. 21.)

With the Coroner's inquest into the murder of Max Eglau no further away than Monday and the mystery surrounding the old drawing master's death not solved, the District Attorney's office has taken a hand in the work of investigation. About 8 o'clock last evening just after Dr. David Greene, the Superintendent of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, in which Eglau was murdered, had been interviewed by one of Police Captain Casey's ward men, Assistant District Attorney Oliver walked into the Doctor's office and asked to be taken over all parts of the institution which had any possible connection with the murder. A Sun man, who happened to be in the institution, was allowed to join in the inspection of the building.

The room where the body was found was first visited. Dr. Greene was asked to describe the position in which the old man lay when the Doctor found him. He did so, and then he was asked to tell how, in his opinion, the murder was committed.

"Well," said Dr. Greene, "the struggle began, I think, in the studio, because only a few drops of blood were found there. The old man was sitting at his easel painting. There was a dispute over this painting, say. We'll suppose that. The murderer grappled with the old man. They struggled over to here (indicating a spot on the floor), and the struggle must have continued out into the modelling room. As they went through the door connecting the two rooms, the assailant, so the detectives think, struck at Eglau with the clay pounder, and that made that mark there on the door casing. When they reached the modelling room the murderer seized the shovel that was standing in the clay, that is, I imagine so. I'm just telling you what I think. He hit the old man across the forehead and that caused the victim to fall forward to here. (The Doctor indicated a spot near the sink in the southeast corner of the modelling room.) The imprints of his bloody hands were found here.

"While the old man was down, the long gash on the back of the head was made with the shovel, as I believe. Then the assailant pulled his victim back by the coat tails so that his hands would be no more bloody than necessary, as I imagine, then left him for dead, where I found him. The door leading from the hall to the modelling room is always open. They must have had that door guarded during the struggle."

Mr. Quinn asked a number of questions about Eglau's habits; whether he ever quarrelled with any one, and if he had ever had serious trouble with any one connected with the institution. Dr. Greene told about the habits of the instructor, said he had never known him to quarrel with any one, although he was petulant in disposition, and that he had never known Eglau to have any trouble with any one connected with the institution.

"Did you ever know any one connected with the school to borrow money of Mr. Eglau?" asked Mr. Oliver.

"I don't think I ever did."

"How did you happen to be the one to find the murdered man?"

"I was teaching a class in the room below. Mr. Eglau was to have come to the recitation room to give a drawing lesson at two o'clock. He hadn't been here during the morning, and I concluded he must be ill. I went up to see."

"You didn't know that Prof. Elmendorf had seen him at noon, or a few minutes afterward?"

"No, sir."

Dr. Greene then spoke about the mark of a hand in blood on one of the model stands that was found lying on the floor. "The four fingers of the hand," said the Doctor, "were clearly marked on the stand. The mark was evidently that of a small hand."

Mr. Seiver asked if, in the opinion of the Superintendent, a boy could have inflicted the wounds found upon Eglau's body. The Doctor said there are forty or fifty boys in the institution who are quite strong enough to have inflicted the blows.

Leaving the studio, Dr. Greene

conducted Mr. Oliver down into the metal shop, where the cuffs and revolver were found, and then down to the cellar, where Eglau's pocket-book was picked up. The spot where the pocket-book was found, behind three boxes of window glass, was pointed out, and the Superintendent began pulling the boxes away from the wall. He had pulled two away when he exclaimed:

"Hello! What's this?"

In the space between the second and third box, and partly under the second, was a boy's blue-black polo cap. It was well worn and the lining was badly torn. The head that fitted was a small one. Inside the cap one short black hair was discovered and a longer light brown hair. That was all that a hasty examination under a gas jet revealed.

Dr. Greene was asked if he knew whether the cap had been put there since the finding of the pocket-book or not. He replied that he did not. The porter was called and questioned about the cap. He said that he knew nothing about it. The cap was taken by Mr. Oliver, and this morning he will endeavor to have it identified.

Mr. Oliver asked Dr. Greene, who is a Ph.D., if he was a university graduate. Dr. Greene said not. He was a native of Hungary, he said, and had his name, which was Greenberger, changed in the Court of Common Pleas.

(New York Sun, Feb. 22.)

The official inquiry into the murder of Max Eglau will begin before Coroner Fitzpatrick at 11 o'clock on Monday morning. Two days are still left in which the police may be able to find some clue to the old artist's murderer. At present they are working on a line that they did not think of until yesterday. They got the idea from reading the newspapers. The movements, on the day of the murder, of three men are being carefully looked into. Two of these men are connected with the institution. One is not and never has been. His relation to Eglau was such that he had an opportunity to know much of the old man's business and his habits of life.

The new line on which the police are working suggests that the murderer had an accomplice. If any of the three upon whom police eyes are now resting is guilty of the crime, he must have had an accomplice, if the theory be accepted that the hiding of the cuffs and revolver was intended to divert suspicion from the murderer to the Fitzgerald boys. The police are inclined to the belief that all three of the men whom they are now watching were interested in the murder. They do not believe that robbery was the principal motive for the murder. One of the suspects would, however, gain much by the old man's death. It is quite possible that an arrest may be made before the day is over.

The Coroner has issued subpoenas for Louis Goldsmith, the treasurer of the institution, and Herman Mosenthal, the secretary. Goldsmith is a silk importer at 70 Greene street, with a residence at 43 West Fifty-sixth street. Mosenthal is an insurance broker at 46 Cedar street and lives at 112 West Eighty-fifth street. These men will be asked to tell what they know about a check supposed by some to have been given to Eglau by Superintendent Greene for the instructor's salary for the month of December, 1895. Dr. Greene said on Thursday night that Eglau had been absent from the institution during the entire month of December, and had, in consequence, received no check for that month. This was found to be true yesterday. Julius Goldman of 11 Pine street, counsel for the institution, verified Dr. Greene's statement. Mr. Goldman said that he had looked up the matter, and had found that no check had been issued to Eglau for the month of December. Subsequent inquiry at the Fifth Avenue Bank, with which the institution does business, failed to elicit any information on the subject. The cashier of the bank said that he had been instructed by the officials of the institution to give out no information about the check to the press.

Willie Stern, the pupil who said that he saw the shadow of a man on the fire escape leading to the playground cast upon the shade of a window of Prof. Elmendorf's recitation room, about 12.30 on the afternoon of the murder, holds fast to his story. He has been asked to repeat it several times, and has been closely questioned about it. He fixes the time definitely at 12.30 o'clock. On Thursday afternoon Prof. Elmendorf took the boy to his recitation room and told him to watch the shadow when he (Elmendorf) went out on the fire escape. When the Professor came in the boy said:

"Yes, it was like that, only the man was not so tall as you, and he was fatter."

Prof. Elmendorf noticed that the shadow on the shade was cut off just below the trunk of the body.

In order to test the boy, he asked him if he saw the man's legs.

"No," answered Willie, "they were below the window sill, I could not see them."

Mr. A. L. Driscoll, a primary

teacher in the institution and wife of Timothy Driscoll, the supervisor, said yesterday that about noon on the day of the murder she saw a stout, thick set man, a little under medium height, standing in the main hall of the basement talking to a boy. It was rather dark in the hall and she could not see the man distinctly. She does not know whether she could identify the man or not.

In speaking of the cap found Thursday night near the place in the cellar where the pocket-book was picked up, Detective Campbell of the East Sixty-seventh street station said, yesterday, that the cap was lying, near where it was found on the day after the pocket-book was found. When asked why he hadn't taken charge of it, Campbell said that he attached no importance to the matter, concluding that the cap had been cast away by one of the pupils. He said that he didn't think it was his duty to take charge of the cap, when he felt sure that it had nothing to do with the murder. He said he saw no reason why blame should attach to him for not having taken the cap.

The result of the Coroner's inquest, set down for Monday morning, is thus told by the *Evening Sun*:

Coroner Fitzpatrick did not arrive until 11.30 o'clock. When he called the case Assistant District Attorney Oliver asked for an adjournment. The principal reason for the request, he said, was to give the detectives another opportunity to clear up the mystery and place the responsibility for the murder.

Coroner Fitzpatrick, in addressing the jury, said that he would grant Mr. Oliver's request as the murder was enveloped in such deep mystery. As the case stood, he said, there was little prospect of clearing it up and he thought every opportunity should be given to the detectives to follow up any clues that they had. He then discharged the jury.

The adjournment of the inquest was regarded by those interested in the case as an indication that little progress has been made by the detectives since the re-arrest and discharge of the Fitzgerald boys.

Mr. Oliver said that, so far as he was aware, nothing new had been discovered in the case during the past week.

Coroner Fitzpatrick made this statement after the adjournment of the inquest:

"Mr. Oliver and Detective Price each wanted an adjournment. What new evidence they have to work up I do not know. I think the case is as near a solution as it will ever be."

"I believe that the Fitzgerald boys are entirely innocent. I have my suspicions as to who killed Prof. Eglau, but there is not sufficient evidence upon which to make an arrest, and I have sifted the matter from top to bottom."

"If the building had been closed immediately after the murder had been discovered and every one then in the building closely questioned, I believe the murderer would have been caught. It is too late now to get evidence that will convict any one."

From the N. Y. Evening Sun, Feb. 25.

Frank Cava, 17 years old, a deaf-mute pupil of the institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Lexington Avenue and Sixty-seventh Street, is reported to have declared that he witnessed the Murder of Prof. Max Eglau, who was killed at the institution two weeks ago Monday.

Cava is the son of Charles Cava, an Italian, and lives at 46 Mulberry Street. He has been a pupil at the institution for eight years.

The story goes that on the day of the murder he left the school at 12 o'clock. While standing at the corner of Lexington Avenue and Sixty-eighth Street his attention was attracted to a window of Prof. Eglau's studio, and he saw the professor struggling with some one.

This was at about 12.10 o'clock. He ran across the street and rang the bell, but getting no response waited a little while and then went in.

He found a bloody club on the stairs and tossed it inside of Prof. Eglau's room. Then he went to his class as usual.

This story is told in a dozen different ways, adding details, in which he first asserts that he saw one of the other scholars run out of the cellar, and then declares he saw two. Again he saw a spot of blood on the wall and washed it off.

One of the scholars he brings into his story is one of the boys first arrested and it was proven at that time that he was home at the time of the murder.

Chief of Detectives, Captain O'Brien, says he has heard nothing of the Cava boy's story.

It is hard to understand how anyone standing where Cava was reported to have stood could see into Prof. Eglau's room.

Charles Cava, father of the boy, said this afternoon that the boy had never told him such a story.

The father said the boy was mentally incompetent to tell any story.

HE KISSED ELISHA. AND THEN A POLICEMAN GATHERED IN THE DEAF-MUTE.

Elisha Robinson is a deaf-mute. Patrolman Day thought Elisha was acting a little queer and locked him up.

"What was the matter with you?" wrote Justice Sellers on a slip of paper.

"I don't know that anything was the matter," was the answer. "I was with a friend of mine and he wanted to hug me."

"Hug you! What for?" went back on the slip.

"He was in love with me. He kissed me," wrote the mute.

The justice was surprised, but wrote: "I guess you can go, but don't you ever let any more of that nonsense go on or I will lock you up for safe keeping."—*The Evening News, Detroit, Mich., Feb. 17.*

SAVED BY A PATROLMAN.

ARRESTED IN TIME TO AVERT BEING THRASHED.

Patrick Gumaton, 27 years of age, a mute, was arrested early this morning by Patrolman John Swick and locked up in the Woodbridge Street Station. It is alleged that the prisoner was behaving in a manner not sanctioned by law, and making himself objectionable. It was also asserted that shortly after 1 o'clock this morning a Mrs. Earl, who works for Tom Swan, left that place and started up Woodward Avenue. She was followed by Gumaton, who frightened the woman until she ran screaming up the street. Shortly after this Mrs. Earl was met by her husband to whom she told the story of Gumaton's actions. The indignant man returned in search of the fellow and would have given him a sound thrashing had not Patrolman Swick arrived on the scene. The story of the man's behavior was recited to the officer, who immediately placed Gumaton under arrest and sent him down to the Woodbridge Street Station.—*The Detroit Free Press, Feb. 4, 1896.*

ST. LOUIS.

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL MASKED GATHERING OF THE DEAF-MUTE CLUB AT TURNER HALL.

The fourteenth annual masquerade given by the St. Louis Deaf Mute Club came off last night at West St. Louis Turner Hall, Morgan and Beaumont streets. Notwithstanding the rain placed upon the affair by the pastor of the deaf in St. Louis, Rev. J. H. Cloud, on account of the fact of beer figuring on the programme, a large crowd was present.

Each deaf dancer had a hearing partner. This arrangement allowed for time being kept to the music by the one who could hear, who likewise led their partners. A large number of visitors who could both hear and speak were also present at the ball. A great number of these had friends among the club members, and mingled among the dancers. There were many who simply came from curiosity and who stood at the sides of the hall looking on.

The committees in charge of the ball were composed of the following: Wm. Stafford, W. K. Schaub, Chas. Wolf, W. T. Campbell, Jr., H. L. Johnson, Jr., W. E. Guss, H. McCamley, Leo A. Froning, Harry Berwin, Amos D. Hill, Jr., Peter Hughes, Geo. D. Hunter, J. T. Hughes, Edward Beste and John P. Keane.—*St. Louis Republic, Feb. 16.*

A Lighthouse at Cape Hatteras.

Work on the Diamond Shoal lighthouse, off Cape Hatteras, is to be begun next spring. The new plans contemplate an immense structure, built on the screw pile order, with the foundation of the light practically 100 feet beneath the wave surface and protected on all sides by hundreds of tons of rapt to prevent damage from shifting sands. Iron piles will be driven down by hydraulic pressure until a sound footing is secured, and the actual structure for the lightkeepers and materials to maintain the light will be built on the interior of the skeleton to a height of 165 feet above the water. The cost of the structure when completed is estimated at \$1,200,000, and of this sum there is now available \$400,000. Diamond Shoal projects into the sea seven miles off Hatteras, and is covered with from 6 to 50 feet of water. It is marked now only by Hatteras light, standing on shore seven miles from the outer edge, and not discernible in hazy or foggy weather. The proposed light will be on the extreme edge, seven miles from the nearest shore, and visible twenty-three nautical miles. The latest fog apparatus will be provided, and there will be accommodation for three keepers. It will probably take two years to complete the project from the date the work begins. When completed it will be the most notable lighthouse in the world.—*Army and Navy Journal.*

Only a Pig.

Pigs were little known in Scotland until the eighteenth century, and amusing stories are told of the wonder and fright of the people at the appearance of the fat domestic animal now so common on every farm. About 1720, a gentleman living in Dumfriesshire who was called the "Gudeman o' the Brow," received from some distant place a present of a fine young porker, which seems to have been the first ever seen in that part of the country.

This pig was of a roving disposition, and one day wandered into the adjoining parish. Here a peasant woman, who was herding her cattle near the seashore, was greatly alarmed at sight of the strange creature, which, she thought, came grunting up from the water, and away she fled, screaming with terror.

A crowd soon gathered around her, to whom she declared that a "de'il" came out of the sea, with two horns on his head, and chased her, roaring and snapping his jaws, and she was sure that he was not far off.

Upon this an old schoolmaster quieted the excitement of her listeners and said bravely that he would "conjure the de'il," and proceeded at once to bring out a Bible and an antique sword; but when suddenly the little swine started up grunting, at his back, the courageous pedagogue took to his heels. The frightened crowd who had been watching him now hid themselves in barns, and even climbed upon the house-tops, and the panic continued until some one, who had previously seen the pig, exclaimed, "Tis the Gudeman o' the Brow's grumphy."

That same day, the pig trotted up to two men who were riding homeward just at dusk. Galloping away in affright they got into the Locher swamp, where one of the horses was drowned. The two men remained in the swamp all night, not daring to speak above a whisper, for fear the monster should discover and devour them.

When the morning broke, they made their way home by another road. They told a remarkable tale of having seen "a creature with horns on its head and cloven feet, roaring out like a lion," and if they had not galloped away, it would certainly have torn them to pieces. They must have been somewhat crestfallen when a neighbour cried out:

"Hoot, man! it was the Gudeman o' the Brow's grumphy! It frightened a' the town yesterday and poor Meg Anderson maist lost her wits, and is aye out o' ane fit into another sin."

Before the pig got home, he sent a canny Scotchman nearly "daft," by snorting about the feet of a colt on which the man was riding. The young horse ran away and threw its master into the road. The poor fellow picked himself up, spied the pig not far off and took to the woods, where he remained twenty-four hours. Terror stimulated his imagination to such an extent that he afterward described the innocent porker as "big as a calf, having long horns, eyes like trenchers, and a back like a hedgehog."

Truly that pig had a good deal to answer for.

Treasure House in New York.

"If the New York dry goods district should be destroyed to-night," said a business man to a representative of the *Sun*, "every great insurance company in the world would fail." Doubtless there is some exaggeration in such an opinion, but there are \$900,000,000 worth of insurable goods in the comparatively small down-town area known as the dry goods district, to say nothing of buildings, furniture, and fixtures. London, and perhaps Paris, are the only other cities in the world that equal New York as treasure house of manufactured goods.

A single wholesale and retail house in the fashionable shopping district of Broadway contains \$11,000,000 worth of goods. Another house in Twenty-third Street contains \$6,000,000 worth. There must be scores of business houses containing from \$1,000,000 to \$5,000,000 worth of goods. The goods stored in three or four business districts would more than pay the national debt. The goods in the great clothing district run up into the hundreds of millions. The little jewelry district down-town is one of the richest urban areas in the world. Silverware, gold, and jewels, valued at hundreds of millions, are stored in the district centered about Union Square. The samples of a single hat house brought at auction in a recent year \$70,000. Some of the most precious articles in proportion to bulk are stored in the region south of Fulton Street and east of William. The book publishing district, now stringing itself along from Astor Place to Twenty-fifth Street, is stocked with many million dollars' worth of books. Single buildings with their contents and the land they occupy, are worth more than the assessed value of many a rural county in this State.

Trials of a Woman Editor.

The beautiful young girl, who had graduated only the year before with the highest honors, rushed into the family sitting room and flung herself with a storm of sobs upon the sofa.

"What is it my dear?" asked her father, soothing her gently, "has anything happened to discourage you?"

"Papa," said the maiden, raising her tear-stained face, "I am done with journalism forever. When you allowed me to purchase that weekly newspaper I thought no occupation on earth could be so noble, so elevating and powerful to scatter good and wisdom throughout the world. When I began editing the paper, everything appeared bright and rose-colored."

"My editorials were praised by the entire Texas press, and I got flattering words of encouragement from even the dailies. I was, oh! so proud of the fact that although a woman, I have been admitted as an equal member of the great brotherhood that exercises such an influence upon the mind and morals of the people. Last week I wrote a gentle criticism of an article that appeared in a little weekly in another county. This paper—that is what I find in the next issue of that horrid paper."

The lovely girl handed her father the paper and buried her head upon the sofa pillows while he read the following:

"We should say to the loathsome, knock-kneed, piebald jabber-wack that infests the editorial dugout of the Weekly Herald—keep your shirt on! The disgusting, idiotic drivel that emanates from that clapper-jawed, squirrel-headed, slab-sided puddle duck that spoils paper for that sewer pipe of journalism, should get a pair of buckskin, kick-proof pants, or else quit squirting such joks of back handed, puffed slime at decent papers. If the hump-backed putty faced vermin referred to doesn't like our remarks, we will call any day and scatter a few locks of hair and brass buttons around said Herald office or forfeit a year's subscription."

"Papa," said the girl graduate, in a small but decided voice, "I want you to buy me a cook book and some long aprons. I'm going to stay at home and help mother about the house. Her rival thought she was a man."—*Houston Post.*

Poisoning by Stale Eggs.

Dr. Bameron has reported the occurrence of vomiting and purging in seventy-four nuns and girl pupils in the boarding school attached to a convent in Limerick, following a dinner at which mutton and a custard composed of eggs, milk, corn flour and sugar were eaten. The corn flour was suspected to contain arsenic, but analysis showed it to be free from poison of any kind, and to be of good quality. The sugar also proved to be pure. No other constituents of the meal could be obtained. The vomit and the stools were intensely green from the presence of biliary matter, but careful analysis failed to disclose the presence of ordinary poison. The viscera of two patients who had succumbed were also examined, but no poison was found. Ptomaines were found present but in small quantity. The milk used had been boiled, and the meat was above suspicion. The eggs, however, were not fresh, and one presented a reddish-brown color and was thought to be bad. Some of the custard given to pigs induced severe diarrhoea.—*Dublin Medical Journal.*

Grains of Gold.

Golden opportunities do not travel by a time table.

Success in any thing requires singleness of purpose.

He that would enjoy the fruits must not gather the flower.

A good day does not always begin with a bright morning. Character is something that cannot be burned up or buried.

How ready some people are to sell their souls for spot cash.

Hard work is only hard to those who do not put heart in it.

Sympathy is something that cannot be learned from books.

Murder is committed in the heart before it is done with a gun.

Success that is not planned for and worked for is never enjoyed.

The things that do the most to make us happy do not cost money.

IT DIDN'T WORK.

When the employes of Indiana furniture factory, operated by a German, struck for eight hours' work a day he granted it, but when they wanted ten hours' pay for ten hours' work he called them up and said:

"My frens, maybe I do ash you like. I haf an order from Shegago for ten dozen shairs. I vhl sheep him eight dozen and bill him for ten. If he doan kick on me it shays me dot der rule works both vvhys and we vhas all right."

It is needless to add that the idea didn't work and that the men are receiving eight hours' pay.—*Ex.*

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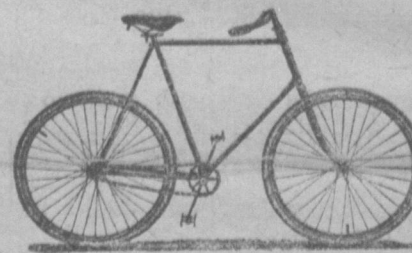
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